

ARISTIPPUS

OR

The Ioviall Philosophers

DEMONSTRATIVE LIE
prooving, That quartes, pointes,
and Pottles.

*Are sometimes necessary Authors in a scholar's
Library.*

Presented in a Private Shew.

To which is added

THE CONCEITED
PEDLAR.

Omnis Aristippum decuit color & status & res

Semel insanivimus.

DVBLIN,

Printed by the Society of Stationers,
Printers to the Kings most
Excellent Majesty.

1655



THE PRAELVDIVM.

Shewes hauing beene long intermitted, and
forbidden by Authority for their abuses, could
not be raised but by continuing.

Enter Prologue in a Circle.



BE not deceiv'd, I have no bended knees,
No supple tongue, nor speeches steep'd in Oyle,
No Candied flattery, nor honied words;
I come an armed Prologue arm'd with art,
Who by my sacred charms and mystique skill
By virtue of this all-commanding Wand

Stolne from the sleepy *Mercury*, will raise
From blacke Abyffe and fitty Hell, that mirth
Which fits this learned round. Thou long dead *Show*
Breake from thy Marble prison, sleepe no more
In myrie darkenesse, henceforth I forbid thee
To bath in *Lethe's* muddy waves, ascend
As bright as morning from her *Tithons* bed,
And red with kisses that have stayn'd thy cheekes,
Grow fresh againe: What? is my power contemned?
Dost thou not heare my call whose power extends
To blast the bosome of our mother Earth?
To remove heavens whole frame from off her hinges
As to reverse all Natures lawes? Ascend
Or I will call a band of Furies forth,
And all the torments wit of Hell can frame
Shall force thee vp.

Enter Show whipt by two Furies.

Show. O spare your too officious whips awhile,

(2)

Give some small respite to my panting limbes,
Let me have leave to speake, and truce to parlie,
Whose powerfull voyce hath forc'd me to salute,
This hated ayre: are not my paines sufficient,
But you must torture me with the sad remembrance
Of my Deserts, the Causes of my exile?

Prolog. Tis thy release I seeke, I come to file
Those heavy shackels from thy wearied limbes,
And give thee leave to walke the Stage againe
As free as Virtue: Burne that withered Bayes,
And with fresh Laurell crowne thy sacred Temples,
Cast off thy maske of darkenesse, and appeare
As glorious as thy sister Comedie.

But first with teares wash off that guilty sinne,
Purge out those ill-digested dregs of wit
That use their inke to blot a spotlesse fame,
Let's have no one particular man traduc'd,
Whom private hate hath spurr'd thee to revile:
But like a noble Eagle seaze on vice,
As she flies bold and open! spare the persons:
Let us have simple mirth and innocent laughter;
Sweet smiling lips and such as hide no fangs,
No venomous biting teeth, or forked tongues,
Then shall thy freedome be restor'd againe,
And full applause be wages of thy paine.

Show. Then from the depth of truth I here protest,
I doe disclaime all petulant hate and malice,
I will not touch such men as I know vicious,
Much lesse the good: I will not dare to say
That such a one pay'd for his fellowship,
And had no learning but in's purse; no Officer
Neede feare the sting of my detraction,
He give all leave to fill their guts in quiet:
I make no dangerous Almanacks, no gulls,
No Posts with envious Newes and biting Packets.
You neede not feare this Show, you that are bad,
It is no Parliament, you that nothing have
Like Schollers, but a Beard and Gowne, for me
May passe for good grand So: hies: all my skill

Shu

(3)

Shall beg but honest laughter and such smiles
As might become a *Cato*: I shall give
No cause to greive that once more yet I live.

Prolog. Goe then and you Beadles of hell avaunt
Returne to your eternall plagues.

Exeunt Furios.

Prolog. Here take these purer robes and clad in the
Be thou all glorious and instruct thy mirth
With thy sweet temper, whilst my selfe intreat
Thy friends that long lamented thy sad fates,
To sit and taste and to accept thy Cates.

Exit Show.

Prolog. Sit, see, and heare, and censure he that will
I come to have my mirth approv'd, not skill.
Your laughter all I beg, and where you see
No jest worth laughing at, faith laugh at mee.

ARISTIPPUS.

Enter Simplicius.

Secundum gradum compassibilitatis, & non secundum gradum in-
Scompassibilitatis. What should this *Scotus* meane by his possi-
bilities and impossibilities? my *Cooper*, *Rider*, *Thomas*, and
Minsben are as farre to seeke to as my selfe: not a word of *com-*
possibilitas or *impossibilitas* is there. Well, I know what Ile doe
I have heard of a great Philosopher: Ile trie what he can doe.
They call him *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*: sure a Phi-
losophers name. But they say he lies at the *Dolphin*, and that me
thinkes is an ill signe: yet they say too, the best Philosophers
of the Towne never lie from thence: they say tis a Taverne
too, for my part I cannot tell, I know no part of the Towne but
the Schooles and *Aristotles* Well: but since I am come thus
farre I will enquire: for this same *compassibilitas* and *impossi-*
litas stickes in my stomach.

Knocks.

Boy within. Anon, anon Sir.

Simp. What Philosophie is this?

Knocks.

Boy. Anon, anon Sir.

(4)

Enter.

Boy. Please you see a Roome Sir? what would you have Sir?

Simp. Nothing but *Aristippus*.

Boy. You shall Sir.

Exit.

Simp. What is this? the Dolphin? now verily it looks like a Greene Fish: what's yonder Greeke too? now surely it is the Philosophers Motto: *Hippathi, Happithi; aut disce, aut discere incontinenter*, a very good disfunction.

Boy. A pinte of *Aristippus* to the Barre.

Enter:

Boy. Heere Sir.

Simp. Ha? what's this?

Boy. Did you not aske for *Aristippus* Sir?

Simp. The great Philosopher lately come hither.

Boy. Why this is *Aristippus*.

Simp. Verily then *Aristippus* is duplex. *Nominalis & Realis*, or else the Philosopher lives like *Diogenes in dolio*: the President of Hogs-head Colledge: but I meane one *Aristippus* κατ' ἐξοχήν, the great Philosopher.

Boy. I know not what you meane by Losopher, but heere bee Schollers in the house, Ile send them to you: Anon, anon Sir, I cannot be heere and there too, Anon, anon Sir.

Simp. This boy would have put a fallacie upon me, in *Interrogatione Plurium*: This boy is a meere *Animal*; ha, ha, he. Hee has not a jot of Language in him more then, Anon, anon Sir. O Giggleswicke, thou happy place of education! This poore wretch knowes not what a Philosopher meanes. To see the simplenesse of these people; They doe every thing ἀπλῶς, and have not a jot, not an inch of κατὰ τὴν in them. O what had become of me if I had not gone bare-foot to my *Preceptor*, with a Satchel at my backe.

Enter two Schollers.

Slaves are they that heape up mountaines,

Still desiring more and more,

Still let's carouse in Bacchus fountaines,

Never dreaming to be poore.

Give us then a Cup of liquor,

Pill it up unto the brim,

For

For then we thinkes my wits grow quicker
When my braines in liquor swim.

Ha brave Aristippus.

Pox of Aristotle and Plato, and a company of dry Raskalls:

But hey brave Aristippus.

Simp. Certainly there are Aristippus his Schollers. Sir pray can you resolve me what is *Gradus compassibilitatis*?

1. Schol. What ayles thou, thou missing man,
Tiddle diddle dooe.

2. Schol. Quench thy sorrowes in a Can,
Tiddle diddle dooe.

Compassibilitas? why that's nothing man, when you nere drinke beyond your *poculum necessitatis* you are in *gradu incompassibili* to all good fellowship: Come hang *Scotus* weele lead you to Aristippus, one Epitome of his *in quarto* is worth a volume of these Dunces.

Simp. O Gentlemen, you will binde me to thanke you in *Peculo Gratiarum*: But what Philosophie doth he reade, and what houres doth he keepe?

1 None at all precisely, but indistinctly all: Night and day hee powres forth his instructions, and fils you out of measure.

2 Hee'le make the eyes of your vnderstanding see double, and teach you to speake fluently, and utter your minde in abundance.

Simp. Hath he many Schollers Sir?

1 More then all the Philosophers in the towne besides. He never rests but is still called for. Aristippus sayes one, Aristippus sayes another: Hee is generally ask'd for, yea and by Doctours sometimes.

2 And as a merry man, There can be no Feast, but he is sent for and all the company are the merrier for him.

1 Did you but once heare him, you would so loue his company, you would never after indure to stand alone.

Simp. O pray helpe me to the sight of him.

2 We will brave boy: and when you have seene him, you'll thinke your selfe in another world, and scorne to be your owne man any longer.

Simpl. But I pray you at what price reads he?

1 Why truely his price hath beene raised of late, and his very name makes him the dearer.

2 A diligent Lecturer deserves eight pence a Pinte tuition:
Nay, if you will learne any thing, Schollerships must be paid for.
Academicall Simony is lawfull: Nay did you ever heare of a good
Preacher in a fat Benefice, unlesse his purse were the leaner for it?
Make much of him, for we shall have no more such in haste.

Enter Wilde-man.

Simp. But who is this?

1 The Vniversity Ramist, a Malt Heretique; *alias* the Wilde-
man that is growne mad to see the dayly resort to *Aristippus*:
but let us leave him to his frenzies.

But come you Lads that loue Canarie,

Let us have a mad fegarie:

Hether, hether, hether, hether,

All good Fellowes flocke together.

Exeunt.

Wilde-man.

Brains, wits, senses, all flie hence: let fooles live lined in cages:
I am the Wilde-man, and I will be wilde: Is this an age to be in
a mans right wits, when the lawfull use of the throat is so much
neglected, and strong drinke lies sicke on his death-bed: 'Tis a-
bove the patience of a Malt-horse, to see the contempt of Barley,
and not run made upon't. This is *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, now a de-
vill or two take his red-nos'd Philosophie: 'Tis hee, my Beere,
that has vowed thee to the Vinegar-bottle; but I'll be revenged:
when next I meete him, I'll twist and twich his bush-beard from
his taverne face: 'Tis not his *hypathie*, *happithi*, can carry him out.
Let him looke to be soundlier dail'd by me, then ever he was by
Drawer for his impudence. I'll teach my Spanish Don a French
tricke, I'll either plague him with a poxe, or have some Claret
whore burne him for an heretique, and make him challenge ac-
quaintance of *Muld Sacke*: If he was not either sent hither from
the Britch Politique, or be not imployed by *Spinola*, to seduce the
Kings lawfull Subjects from their allegiance to strong Beere, let
me hold up my hand at the barre, and be hanged at my Signe-post
if he had not a hand in the Powder-treason! Well, I say nothing,
but he has blowne up good store of men in his dayes, house and
land and all. If they take no order with him here in the Univer-
sity, the poore Country were as good have the man in the Moone
for their Pastor, as a Schollar. They are all so infected with *Ari-
stippus* his Arminianisme, they can preach no Doctrine but
Sacke

Sacke and red Noses". As for the Wilde-man, they have mad him horne-mad already.

Enter a Fellow crying Wine pots.

Heighday, there goes the Hunts-up: this is the Mandrakes voyce that undoes me: you may heare him in faith. This is the Devill of his that goes up and downe like a roaring Sheeps-head to gather his Pewter Librarie. Ile fit him I faith.

Beates him.

Now you Calves-skin impudence, Ile thresh your Iacket.

Beates him out.

Enter Aristippus and his two Schollers,

Arist. What a coyle's here? what fellowes that? he lookes like a mad hogges-head of March-beere that had run out, and threatened a deluge: what is he?

1 Otis the Wilde-man sir: a zealous brother that stands up against the persecution of Barly-broth, and will maintaine it a degree above the reputation of *Aquavita*.

2 I have heard him sweare by his *hora octava*, that Sacke and *Rosa Solis* is but Water-grewell to it.

Wild. O art thou there, *St Dunstan*, thou hast undone me, thou cursed Fryer *Bacon*, thou hellish *Merlin*: but Ile be reveng'd upon thee. Tis not your *Mephostopholis*, nor any other spirits of Ruby or Carbuncle, that you can raise, nor your good father in law doctor *Faustus*, that conjures so many of us into your Wiues circle, that with all their Magique, he shall secure you from my rage, you have set a spell for any mans comming into my house now.

Arist. Why none of my credit hath choked up your doores.

Wild-man. But thou hast bewitched my threshold, disturbed my house, and Ile have thee hang'd in Gibbets for murthering my beere, Ile have thee tryed by a Iury of Tapsters, and hang'd in Anon anon Sir, thou dismall and disastrous Conjuror.

Arist. Why dost thou call me Conjuror? I send no Fairies to pinch you, or Elves to molest you: has *Robin Good fellow* troubled you so much of late? I scarce beleive it, for I am sure since Sacke and I came to towne, your house hath not beene so much haunted.

Wilde-man. Ile put out thine eyes, *Don Canario*, Ile scratch thee to atomes, thou Spanish *Gusman*.

Arist. If he and his Beere will not be quiet, draw um both out.

Wilde-man. Yet I'll be reveng'd you Rascall, I doe not feare the Spanishe Inquisition, I'll runne to the Councell, and betray thy villany; I'll carry thee bound for a Traitor: but for you Sir, we had taken *Cales*, and might afterwards have conquered *Lisbon*, and *Ciwill*. You notorious villaine, I knew thee for a Rogue at first, thy Ruffe look't so like the Moone Crescent in 88. thy very breath is invincible, and stinkes of an Armado.

Arist. Kicke him out of the presence, his company will metamorphis us to balderdash.

Wilde-man. Well *Diogenes*, your were best keepe close in your tub, I'll be reveng'd on you; I'll complaine on you for keeping ill houres, I suffer none after eight, by Saint *Iohns*, not I.

Schol. Well *Domine*, though the *hora octava* be not come, yet you may be gone.

Kicks him.

Exit.

Arist. Come Pupill, have you any minde to studie my Philosophie?

Simp. Yes *Mehercule* Sir, for I have alwayes accounted Philosophie to be *omnibus rebus ordine, natura, tempore, honore prius*, and these Schoolemen have so pulled mee, and my Dictionaries, that I despaire of understanding them either in *summo gradu*, or *remisso*. I lay sicke of an *Haeceitas*, a fortnight, and could not sleepe a winke for't, therefore good Sir teach me as *σωτόνας*, as you can, and pray let it be *Conceptis verbis*, and *ex mente Philosophi*.

Arist. I warrant thee a good proficient, but ere you can be admitted to my Lectures you must be matriculated, and have your name recorded in *Albo Academiae*.

Simp. With all my heart Sir, and *totaliter*, for I have as great a minde as *materia prima* to be informed with your instructions.

Arist. Give him the oath.

Schol. Lay your hand on the booke.

Simp. Will *tactus virtualis* serve the turne Sir?

Schol. No it must be *reale quid, & extra intellectum*.

Simp. Well Sir, I will doe it *quoad potentiam obedientialem*.

Schol. First, you must sweare to defend the honour of *Aristippus*, to the disgrace of Brewers, Alewives, and Tapsters, and professe your selfe a foe *nominalis*, to Maultmen, Tapsters, and red Lettices.

2 Schol.

(9)
2 Schol. Kisse the booke.

Hec drinkes.

1 Schol. Next you shall sweare to observe the customes and ordinances instituted and ordained by an Act of Parliament in the raigne of King *Sigebert* for the establishing of good government in the auncient foundation of *Miter Colledge*.

2 Schol. Kisse the booke.

Drinkes againe.

Simp. I Sir, *Secundum veritatem intrinsecam, & non equivocè.*

1 Schol. That you keepe all acts and meetings, *tam privatim,* in private houses, *quam publicè*, in the Dolphin Schooles: that you dispute *in tenebris*, yet be not asleepe at reckonings: but alwayes and every where shew your selfe so diligent in drinking, that the Proctor may have no just cause to suspend you for negligence.

2 Schol. Kisse the booke.

1 Schol. Last y, that you never walke into the Towne, without your habite of drinking, the Fudling Cap, and Casting Hood; especially when there is a Convocation, and of all things take heed of running to the Assizes.

Simp. 1. Is this the end I pray you Sir, is this the *Fini?* *Ad Evam.*

2 Schol. It is *ultimum* Sir.

Simp. How pray you Sir, *intentione* or *executione?*

1 Schol. *Executione*, that followes the Assizes.

Simp. But methinkes there is one *Scrupulum*, it seemes to bee *actus illicitus*, that we should drinke so much, it being lately forbidden, and therefore *Contra formam statuti.*

2 Schol. I but therefore you are sworne to keepe customes. *Non omnino secundum formam statuti.*

Arist. What have you inrolled him in *Albo*, have you fully admitted him into the Societie to bee a member of the bodie Academicke.

Simp. Yes Sir, I am one of your Pupils now, *unitate numerica,* we have made an end of it, *secundum ultimum Complementum & actualitatem.*

Arist. Well then, give the attendance.

Most grave audience, considering how they thirst after my Philosophie, I am induced to let you taste the benefite of my

knowledge, which cannot but please a judicious paller: for the rest I expell them my Schooles, as fitter to heare *Thales*, & drink Water.

Simpl. We will attend Sir, and that *bibulis auribus*.

Arist. The many errors that have crept into the science, to distract the curious Reader, are sprung from no other causes, then small Beere, and sober sleepes: whereas were the laudable custom of Sack drinking, better studied, wee should have fewer Gownes, and more Schollers.

1. *Schol.* A good note, for we cannot see wood for trees, nor Schollers for Gownes.

Arist. Now the whole University is full of your honest fellows, that breaking loose from *Yorkshire* Belfrey, have walked to *Cambridge* with Satchels on their shoulders; these you shall have them studie hard for foure or five yeares, to returne home more fooles then they came: the reason whereof, is drinking Colledge raplash, that will let them have no more learning, then they size: nor a drop of wit more then the Buttlers sets on their heads.

2. *Schol.* Twere charity in him to sconce'um soundly, they would have but a poore *Quantum* else.

Arist. Others there be that spend their whole lives in *Athens* to die as wise as they were borne; who as they brought no wit into the world, so in honesty they will carry none out on't. 'Tis Beere that drownes the soules in their bodies; *Hudsons* Cakes, and *Pain* his Ale hath frothed their braines: hence is the whole tribe contemned, every Prentice can jeere at their brave Cassacks and laugh the Velvet Caps out of countenance.

3. *Schol.* And would it not anger a man of Arte to be the scorn of a what lacke you Sir?

Arist. 'Tis Beere that makes you so ridiculous in all your behaviour: hence comes the Bridelike simpering at a lustice of Peace his Table, and the not eating methodically, when being laughed at, you shew your teeth, blush, and excuse it with a Rhetoricall *Hustion Proteron*.

Simpl. 'Tis very true, I have done the like my selfe, till I have had a disgrace for my Mitimus.

Arist. 'Tis Beere that hath putrifed our Horsemanship, for that you cannot ride to *Wey*, or to *Barkney*, but your neck-

Eyes sides must witnesse your journeyes. A Lawyers Clarke, or an Innes a Court Gentleman that hath beene fed with false Latine, and Pudding Pye, contemne you as if you had not learning enough to confute a *Noverint universi*.

Simp. Per presentes me Simplicium.

Arist. If you discourse but a little while with a Courtier, you presently betray your learned Ignorance, answering him he concludes not Syllogistically, and asking him in what Moode and figure he speakes in, as if Learning were not as much out of fashion at Court, as Cloathes at Cambridge. Nor can you entertaine discourse with a Lady, without endangering the halfe of your Buttons: all these, and a thousand such errors, are the friends of Beere, that nurse of Barbarisme, and foe to Philosophy.

Simp. Oh I am ravished with this admirall Metaphysicall Lecture, if ever I drinke Beere againe, let me turne civill Lawyer, or be poudered up in one of *Luthers* barrells, pray lend me the booke againe, that I may forswear it. Fie upon it, I could love Sir Giles, for presenting those notorious Alewives. Oh *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, thou arte equally divine τὸ δὲ ὡς αὐτοὶ καὶ ἐν τῇ λέξει the only father of Quodlibets, the Prince of Formalities. I aske my starres whose influence doth governe this *orbem sublunarem* that I may live with thee, and die like the Royall Duke of *Clarence*, who was lowsed up to immortality in a But of Malmesey.

Schol. You interrupt him Sir too much in his Lecture, and prevent your eares of their happinesse.

Simp. Oh heavens I could heare him *ad eternitatem*, and that *tam à parte ante, quam à parte post*, O proceed, proceed, thy instructions are meere Orthodoxall, thy Philosophie canonicall I will study thy *scientiam* both *speculativam* & *practicam*. Pray let me once more forswear the pollution of Beere, for it is an abominable heretique, Ile be his perfect enemy til I make him and bottle Ale fly the Country.

Aristip. But Sack is the life, soule, and spirits of a man, the fire which *Prometheus* stole, not from *Iovs* Kitchen, but his Wine Cellour, to increase the native heat and radicall moysture, without which we are but druse dust, or dead clay: this is *Nectar*, the very *Nepenthe* the Gods were druck with, tis this that gave *Gaiym* his beauty, *Ulysses* youth, to love his heaven, & eternity, doe you thinke *Aristot.* drinke Perry, or *Plato* Cyder? doe

you thinke *Alexander* had ever conquered the world if hee had bin sober? he knew the force and vallour of Sacke, that it was the best armour, the best encouragement, and that none could be a good Commander, that was not double drunke, with Wine and Ambition.

1 *Schol.* Onely here's the difference, Ambition makes them rise, and Wine makes them fall.

Aristip. Therefore the Garrisons are all drinking Schooles, the Souldiers trained up to the mustering of pewter pots dayly, learning to contemne death by accustoming to be dead drunke: scarres doe not so well become a Captaine as Carbuncles. A red nose is the grace of a Serjeant Major, and they unworthy the place of Auncients that have not good colours, the best shot to be discharg'd is the Taverne bill, the best Alarum is the sounding of healthes, and the most absolute March is reeling.

2 *Schol.* And the best Artillery-yard is the Dolphin:

Aristip. Thus you may easily perceive the profit of Sack in military discipline, for that it may justly seeme to have taken the name of Sacke from sacking of Cities.

Simp. Oh wonderfull, wonderfull Philosophie, if I be a coward any longer, let me sweare a little to drinke Sack, for I will be as valiant as any of the Knights Errant: I perceive it was onely *culpa ignorantia*, not *prave dispositionis* that made me a coward, but O Enthusiastique, rare, Angelicall Philosophy, I will be a Souldier, a Scholler, and every thing, I will hereafter *nec peccare in materia, nec in forma*, Beere, raskally Beere was the first parent of Sophisters, and the fallacies: But proceed my *Pythagoras*, my *ipse dixit* of Philosophy.

Aristip. Next it is the onely Elixar of Philosophy, the very Philosophers stone, able if studied by a young heire ~~mutare rerum~~ *species*, to change his House, Lands, Livings, Tenements, and Liveries into *aurum potabile*: So that though his Lordships be the fewer for't, his manners shall be the more; whose Lands being dissolved into Sacke must needs make his Soule more capable of divine meditation, he being almost in the state of separation, by being purg'd, and freed from so much earth.

3 *Schol.* Therefore why should a man trouble himselfe with so much earth, he is the best Philosopher that can *omnia sua se-cum portare*.

Aristip.

Aristip. And since it is the nature of light things to ascend, what better way, or more agreeing to nature can be invented, whereby we might ascend to the height of knowledge, then a light head, a light head being as it were allied with heaven, first found out, that the motion of the orbs was circular like to its own, which motions, *teste Aristotele*, first found that intelligence so that I conclude all intelligence, intellect, and understanding to be the invention of Sack, and a light head; what mists of error had clouded Philosophie, till the never sufficiently praised *Copernicus* found out that the Earth was moved, which he could never have done, had he not bene instructed by Sack, and a light head.

Simp. Hang me then when I turne grave.

Aristip. This is the Philosophy the great Stagirite read to his Pupill *Alexander*, wherein how great a proficient he was, I call the faith of history to witnesse.

Simp. Tis true *per fidem Historicam*, for I have read how when he had vanquished the whole world in drinke, that he wept there was no more to conquere.

Aristip. Now to make our demonstration to prove, no wine, no Philosophy, is that admirable Axiome, *in vino veritas*, and you know that Sack and truth are the only Buts which Philosophy aymes at.

r *Schol.* And the Hogs-head is that *puteus Democriti* from whence they might both be drawne.

Aristip. Sack, Clarret, Malmsey, White-wine and Hipocras, are your five Predicables, and Tobacco your *individuum*, your Money is your substance, full cups your quantity, good Wine your quality, your Relation is in good Company, your action is beating, which produceth another predicament in the Drawers, called passion, your *quando* is midnight, your *ubi* the Dolphin, your *quid*, leaning, your *habitus* carousing, afterclaps are your *post* predicaments, your *priorum* breaking of jests, your *posterorum* of glasses, false bills are your fallacies, the shot is *subtilis objectio*, and the discharging of it is *vera solutio*, severall humours are your moods, and figures, where *quarta figura*, or gallons must not be neglected, your drinking is in Syllogismes, where a pottle is the *major terminus*, and a pinte the *minor*, a quart the *medium*, beginning of healths are the premisses, and pledging the conclusion, for it must not be divided. Topicks or common places are the

Tavernes

Tavernes, and Hamon, Wolfe, and Farlowes are the three best Tutors in the Vniversities.

Simp. And if I be not entered, and have my name admitted into some of their bookes, let *forma misti* be beaten out of me.

Aristip. To perswade the Vintner to trust you is good Rhetoricke, and the best figure is Synechdoche to pay part for the whole, to drinke above measure is a Science beyond Geometry, falling backward is star-gazing, and no *Iacobs* staffe comparable to a Tobacco pipe, the sweet harmony of good-fellowship with now and then a discord, is your excellent musicke, Sacke it selfe is your Grammar, sobriety a meere solecisme, and Latine be it true, or be it false, a very cudgell to your *Priscianus* pates, the reckoning is Arithmetique enough, a receipt of full cups are the best Physicke to procure vomit, and forgetting of debts an art of memory, and here you have an *Encyclopaedia* of Sciences, whose methode being circular, can never be so well learned, as when you head runnes round.

Simp. If mine have any other motion, it shall be *prater naturam*, I, and *contra* too, if I live: I like that arte of musicke wondrous well, life is not life without it; for what is life but an harmonious lesson playd by the soule upon the Organs of the body. O witty sentence! I am mad already, I see the immortality, ha brave *Aristippus*: but in Poetry tis the sole predominant quality, the sap and iuyce of a verse, yea the spring of the Muses is the fountaine of Sacke, for to thinke *Helicon* a barrell of Beere, is as great a sinne as to call *Pegasus* a Brewers horse.

Aristip. I know some of these halfe penny Almanack makers doe not approve of this Philosophy, but give you most abominable counsell in their Beggars Rhymes, which you are bound to beleeve as faithfully, as their predictions of foule and faire weather, you shall heare some of *Errapaters* Poetry.

*I wish you all carefully,
Drinke Sacke but sparingly,
Spend your coyne thriftily,
Keepe your health warily,
Take heed of ebriety,
Wine is an enemy,
Good is sobriety,
Fly baths and Venerie.*

For your often potations much crudities cause, by hindring the course of mother Natures lawes, therefore he that desireth to live till October, ought to be drunke in Iuly, but I hold it to be a great deale better that he went to bed sober. And let him alone thou man in the Moone, yet had'st thou but read a leafe in this admired Author, this *aureum flumen*, this *torrens eloquentia*, thou wouldst have scorn'd to have bin of the water poets tribe, or Skeltons family, but thou hast never tasted better Nectar then out of Fennors wassaile Bowle which hath so transformed him that his eyes looke like two tūnels, his nose like a Fauſset with the Spicket out, & therefore continually dropping: the Almanack makers & Physitians are alike grand enemies of Sack, as for Physitians being fooles, I cannot blame them if they neglect wine, & minister simples, but if I meet with you, Ile teach you another receipt.

Simp. Why meete him Tutor, you may easily meete him. I know him Sir, & *cognitione distincta & confusa*. I warrant you, doe you not smell him Tutor? I know who made this Almanacke against drinking Sacke? ha *Stroffe*? have I found you *Stroffe*? you will shew your selfe, I see, when all is done to be but a Brewers Clarke.

Aristip. But far better speakes the divine *Ennius* against your Ale, and Barly breath, who knew too well the vertue of Sacke, when *Nunquam nisi potus ad arma profuit discenda*; his verses are in Latin, but because the audience are Schollers, I have translated the into English, that they may be understood. Here read them.

1. *Schol.* There is a drinke made of the Stygian Lake,
Or else of the waters the Furies doe make,
No name there is bad enough by which it to call,
But yet as I wist it is ycleped Ale;
Men drinke it thicke, and pisse it out thin,
Mickle filth by Saint Loy that it leaves within;
But I of complexion am mondrone sanguine,
And will love byth' morrow a cup of wine:
To live in delight was ever my wonne,
For I was Epicurus his owne sonne,
That held opinion that plaine delight
Was very felicity perfit:
A bowle of wine is mondrone boone cheere,
To make one blith, buxome, and deboneere,

C

Twill

'Twill give me such valour and so much courage
As cannot be found 'twixt Hull and Carthage.

Aristip. But above the wit of humanitie, the divine *Virgil*
Hath extol'd the Encomium of Sacke in these verses.

2 Schol. Fill me a Bowle of Sacke With Roses crown'd,
Fill't to the brim, Ile have my temples bound
With flowry Chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free, and frolique it;
Let me drinke deepe, then fully warm'd with wine,
Ile chaunt *Aeneas* praise, that every line
Shall prove immortall, till my moistned quill
Melt into verse, and Nectar-like distill;
I me sad, or dull, till bowles brim fil'd infuse
New life in me, new spirit in my Muse,
But once reviv'd with Sacke, pleasing desires
In my chill blood kindle such active fires,
That my gray hayres seeme fled my wrinckl'd face,
Growne smooth as *Hebes*, youth, and beauties grace.
To my shrunke veines, fresh blood and spirits bring,
Warme as the Summer, sprightfull as the Spring,
Then all the world is mine: *Cræsus* is poore
Compar'd with me, he is rich that askes no more,
And I in Sacke have all, which is to me
My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty,
Then have I conquer'd all, I boldly dare
My Trophies with the *Peleian* Youth compare,
Him I will equall, as his sword, my pen
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men,
Doe not, *Atrides*, *Nestors* ten desire
But ten such drinkers as that aged fire,
His streame of honied words flow'd from the Wine,
And Sacke his Councell was, as he was thine.
Who ever purchast a rich Indian mine,
But *Bacchus* first, and next the Spanish wine,
Then fill my bowle, that if I die to morrow,
Killing cares to day, I have out-liv'd my sorrow.

Arist. Thus resting in the opinion of that admirable Poet, I
make this draught of Sacke, this Lectures period.

Dixi.

Simp.

Simp. *Dixi* dost thou say, I, and I'll warrant thee the best *Dixi* in *Cambridge*, who would sit poring on the learned Barbarisme of the Schoolemen, that by one of thy Lectures might confute them all *pro & con*, I begin to hate distinction, & *actualiter*, & *habitualiter*, yet a poxe to see, I cannot leave them *nec principaliter, nec formaliter*; yet I begin to love the Foxe better then subtilnesse. Oh Tutor, Tutor, well might Foxe be a Colledge Porter, that he might open the Gates to none but thy Pupils: come fellow Pupils, if I did not love you, I were an ἀνεργητικὸς φῦρεας, and an absurditie in the abstract; Let's practice, let's practice, for I'll follow the steppes of my Tutor night and day: by this Sack, I shall love this Philosophy: before I heard this Lecture, *Banckes* his Horse was an *Aristotle*, in comparison of me: I can laugh to thinke what a foolish *Simplicius* I was this morning, and how learnedly I shall sleepe to night.

1 *Schol.* Sleep to night! why? that's no point of our Philosophy we must sit up late, & roare till we rattle the Welkin: sleep, what have we to do with deaths Cater-cousin? doe you thinke Nature gave stars to sleepe by? have you not day enough to sleepe in, but you must sleepe in the night too? 'tis an arrant Paradox.

Simp. A Paradox? let me be cramped if I sleepe then, but what must we sleepe in the day then?

2 *Schol.* Yes, in the morning.

Simp. And why in the morning?

2 *Schol.* Why, a poxe of the morning, what have we to doe with the sober time of the day?

Simp. 'Tis true I see, we may learne something of our fellow Pupils, and what must we doe now fellow Pupils? What must we doe now?

1 *Schol.* Why? conferre our notes.

Simp. What is that?

2 *Schol.* Why, conferring of notes, is drinking off Cups, halfe pots are saying of parts, and the singing of Catches is our repetition.

Simp. Fellow Pupill, I'll conferre a note with you.

1 *Schol.* Gramercy brave lad, and it's a good one, an excellent Criticisme; I would not have lost it for *Eustachius* & his Bishopricke, it's a generall rule, and true without exception.

Simp. Fellow Pupill, I'll conferre a note with you too.

2 Schol. Faith, let me have it, let's share, and share like boone
Rascals.

Simp. I'll say my part to you both.

2 Schol. By my troth, and you have a good memory, you have
con'd it quickly Sir.

Simp. But what shall we have for repetitions now?

2 Schol. I, what for repetitions?

1 Schol. Why the Catch against the Schoolemen in praise of
our Tutor *Aristippus*: can you sing *Simplicius*?

Simp. How begins it pray you?

1 Schol. *Aristippus* is better.

Simp. O God Sir, when I was in the state of ignorance I con'd
it without booke, thinking it had beene a Position.

Aristippus is better in every letter,

Then *Faber the Parisiensis*,

Then *Scotus*, *Soncinus*, then *Thomas Aquinas*,

Or *Gregorie Gandavensis*:

Then *Cardan* and *Ramus*, then old *Paludanus*,

Albertus, and *Gabriella*,

Then *Pico Mercatus*, or *Scaliger Natus*,

Then *Niphus* or *Zabarella*.

Hortado, *Trombetus*, were fooles with *Toletus*,

Zanardus, and *Will de Hales*,

With *Occham*, *Iavellus*, and mad *Algazellus*,

Philoponus and *Natalis*.

The *Conciliator*, was but a meere prater,

And so was *Apollinaris*:

Iandanus, *Plotinus*, the Dunc *Eugubinus*,

With *Mafius*, *Savill*, and *Swarez*,

Fonseca, *Durandus*, *Becanus*, *Holandus*,

Pererius, *Avienture*:

Old *Trismigistus*, whose volumes have mist us,

Ammonius, *Bonaventure*:

Mirandula Comes, with *Proclus* and *Somes*,

And *Guido the Carmelita*:

The nominall Schooles, and the Colledge of fooles,

No longer is my delight:

Hang *Britewood*, and *Carter*, in *Crakenhorpes* garter,

Let *Keckerman* see bemoane us.

Ile be no more beaten, for greasie Lacke Season,
Or conning of Sanderfonus.

The censure of Cato's, shall never amate us,

Their frostie beards cannot nip us:

Your Ale is too muddy, good Sucke is our Studie,

Our Tutor is Aristippus.

Enter the Wilde-man with two Brewers.

Wilde-man. There they be, now for the valour of Brewers,
knocke um soundly, the old Rogue, that's hee, doe you not see
him there? soundly, soundly, let him know what Champions
good Beere has.

They beat out Aristippus and the Schollars.

Wilde-man solus.

Now let them know that Beere is too strong for them, and let
me be hang'd if ever I be milder to such Rascals, they shall finde
these but stale curtesies. How now? what's here? the learned Li- He findes
brary, the Philosophicall volumes: these are the bookes of the Pots,
blacke Arte; I hate them worle then *Bellarmino* the golden Le-
gend, or the Turkish Alcharon. I wonder what vertue is in this
peuterfaced Author, that it should make every one fall in love
with it so deeply? Ile try if I can find any *philterum* any love Pot- He findes
on in't: by my *Domine* not a drop; *O stultum ingenium hominum,* empty
to delight in such vanities. Sure these are comments upon *To- Papers.*
bacco, dry and juycelesse vanities. Ile try againe by my *bona fide*,
but this doth relish some learning, still better, an admirable wit-
ty rogue, a very flash. Ile turne another leafe, still better, has hee
any more Authors like this? what's here *Aristippus*? a most im-
comparable Author, *O Bodly, Bodly*, thou hast not such a booke
in all thy Library, here's one line worth the whole *Vatican*. *O A-*
rystippus would my braines had bin broken out when I broched
thy hoges-head: *O curst Brewers,* & most accursed am I to wrong
so learned a Philosopher as *Aristippus*? what penance is enough
to cleere me from this impardonable offence: twentie purga-
tions are too little; Ile sucke up all my Beere in toasts, to appease
him, and afterwards live by my Wife and Hackneyes. Oh that I
had never undertooke this selling of Beere, I might have kept
my house with Fellowes Commons, & never have come to this:
But now I am a *Wild-man*, and my house a *Bedlam*, *O Aristippus,*
Aristippus,

Aristippus, Aristippus.

Enter Medico de Campo.

Medico. How now neighbour Wild-man?

Wild-man. O *Aristippus, Aristippus*, what shall I doe for thee *Aristippus?*

Medico. What extasie is this?

Wild-man. O *Aristippus, Aristippus*, what shall I doe for thee *Aristippus?*

Medico. Why neighbour Wilde-man, disclose your griefes to me, I am a Surgeon, and perchance may cure vñ.

Wild-man. O cry you mercy, you are the welcomnest man on earth. Sir Signior *Medico de Campo*, the welcomnest man living, the onely man I could have wished for. O *Aristippus, Aristippus*.

Medico. Why, what's the matter neighbour? O I heare he has seduced away your Parishioners, is this the cause of your Lamentation.

Wild-man. O no Sir, a learned Philosopher, one that I love with my soule: but in my rage I cannot tell you Sir, 'tis a dismall tale, the sharpest Razor in your shop would turne edge at it.

Medico. Never feare it, I have one was sent from a — — faith I cannot thinke on's name, a great Emperour, he that I did the great cure on, you have heard on't I am sure: I fetched his head frō *China*, after it had beene there a fortnight buried, & set it on his shoulders againe, and made him as lively as ever I saw him in my life; and yet to see I should not thinke on's name. O I have it now, *Prester Iohn*, a poxe on't, *Prester Iohn*, 'twas hee hee, I faith, 'twas *Prester Iohn*, I might have had his Daughter if I had not beene a foole, and have liv'd like a Prince all the dayes of my life; nay, and perchance have inherited the Crowne after his death: but a poxe on't, her lips were to thicke for me, and that I should not thinke on *Prester Iohn*.

Wild-man. O *Aristippus, Aristippus*, poxe on your *Prester Iohn* Sir, will you thinke on *Aristippus?*

Med. What should I doe with him?

Wild-man. Why? in my rage Sir, I have almost killed him, and now would have you cure him in sober sadnesse.

Medico. Why? call him out Sir.

Enter Simplicius.

Wild-man. Sir, yonder comes one of his Pupils.

Medico.

Medico. Salve M^r *Simplicius*.

Simp. Salve me, 'tis but a Surgeons complement *Signior Medico de Campo*: but you are welcome Sir, my Tutor wants helpe. Are you there you *Vsquebaugh* Rascall, with your *Matheglin* iuyce, I'll teach you Sir to breake a Philosophers pate; I'll make you leave your distinctions as well as I have done.

Wild-man. O pardon, pardon me, I repent Sir heartily, O *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*, I have broken thy head *Aristippus*, but I'll give thee a plaister *Aristippus*, *Aristippus*.

Medico. I pray you Sir bring him out in his Chaire, and if the house can furnish you with Barbers provision, let all be in readiness.

Exit Simplicius.

Wild-man. Pray Sir, doe you thinke you can cure him?

Medico. Him? why neighbour, doe you not remember the Thumbe?

Wild-man. What of the Thumbe? I have not heard of it as yet Sir.

Medico. Why the Thumbe, the Thumbe, doe you not know that cure of the Thumbe?

Wild-man. No Sir, but I pray tell the cure of the Thumbe, doe you still remember't Sir?

Medico. Remember't, I, and perfectly, I have it at my fingers end, and thus it is. Two Gentlemen were fighting, one lost his Thumbe, I bechance comming by, tooke it up, put it in my pocket, some two moneths after, meeting the Gentleman, I set on his Thumbe againe: and if he were now in *Cambridge*, I could have his hand to shew for't: why did you ne're heare of the Thumbe Sir? 'tis strange you never heard me speak of the Thumbe Sir.

Enter three Schollers bringing forth Aristippus in his Chayre.

1. *Schol.* *Signior de Medico Campo*, if you have any art or skill, shew it now, you never had a more deserving Patient.

Medico. Yet I have had many, and royall ones too, I have done Cures beyond Seas, that will not be believed in England.

2. *Schol.* Very likely so, and Cures in England that will not be beleived beyond Sea, nor here neither, for in this kinde, halfe the world are infidels.

Medico

Medico. The great Turk can witness, I am sure the eyes that he weares, are of my making.

1. Schol. He was then an eye-witnesse: but I hope hee weares spectacles Signior.

Medico. Why, won't you believe it? why I tell you, I am able to say't, I saw't, I saw't my selfe, I cur'd the King of Poland of a wart on's nose, and *Bethlem Gabor* of a Ring-worme.

1. Schol. The one with raw Beefe, and the other with Inke-hornes.

Medico. Poxe of your old Wives medicines: the worst of mine Ingredients is an Unicorne's Horne, and a Bezars stone. Raw Beefe, and Inkehornes? Why, I cur'd *Sherley* in the Grand Sophies Court in *Persia* when he had beene twice shot through with Ordinance, and had two bullets in each thigh, & so quickly that he was able at night to lye with his Wife, the Sophies Neece, and beget a whole Church of Christians: and could this have beene done with raw Beefe and Inke-hornes?

Simp. No sure, this could not have beene done without Egges and Green-sauce, or an Oat-meale Poultice at least.

Medico. The King of *Russia* had dyed of the wormes, but for a powder I sent him.

2 Schol. Some of that you meane, which stucke on the bullet which you tooke out of *Sherleyes* legges.

Medico. In the siege of *Ostend*, I gave the Dutchesse of *Austria* a receipt to keepe her Smocke from being animated, when shee had not shifted it of a twelve moneth.

1 Schol. Believe mee, and that was a Cure beyond *Scoggins* Pleas.

Medico. I am able by the vertue of one Salve, to heale all the wounds and breaches in *Bohemia*.

2 Schol. I, and close up the Bung hole in the great Tub at *Heidelbergh*, I warrant you.

Medico. I cur'd the State of *Venice* of a Dropsie, the Low Countries of a Lethargie, and if it had not beene treason, I had cur'd the *Fistula*, that it should have dropt no more then your nose. By one Dramme on a knives point, I restored *Mansfield* to his full strength and forces, when he had no men left, but was only skin and bones. I made an Arme for *Brunswicke*, with so great art and skill, as nature it selfe could not have mended it; which had it

not

not come too late, and after his death, would have done him as much service as that which was shut off.

2 Schol. I easily beleeve that I faith.

Medico. I could make a Purgation, that should so scour the Seas, that never a *Dunkerke* durst shew his head.

1 Schol. By my faith, and that would bee a good State Glister.

Medico. I have done as great wonders as these, when I extracted as much chastity from a Sanctimony in the English Nunnerie, as cur'd the Pope of his lechery.

2 Schol. And yet had as much left, as serv'd five Cardinals on Fasting-dayes.

Medico. And there was no man in the Realme of *France*, either *French* or *Spanish*, or *Italian* Doctors, but my selfe, that durst undertake the King of *France* his Cornes, and afterwards having cur'd him, I dranke a health to him.

Simp. Would we had the pledging on't. O happy man that hast conferred a note with the King of *France*.

Medico. And doe you seeme to misdoubt my skill, and speak of my art with ifs and ands? Doe you take me for a mountebanke, and hath mine owne tongue beene so silent in my praise, that you have not heard of my skill?

2 Schol. No, pardon us Signior, onely the danger our Tutor is in makes us so suspitious; we know your skill Sir, we have heard *Spaine* and your owne tongue speake loud on't, we know besides that you are a Travailler, and therefore give you leave to relate your words with authority.

Medico. Danger? what danger can there be when I am his Surgeon?

1 Schol. His head Sir is so wondrously bruised, 'tis almost past cure.

Med. Why? what if he had never an head? am not I able to make him one? or if it were beaten to atomes, I could set it together, as perfectly as in the wombe.

Wild. Beleeve me neighbour, but that would bee as great a wonder, as the thumbe, or *Prester Johns* head.

Med. Why? Ile tell you Sir what I did, a farre greater wonder then any of these, I was a Travailler,

2 Schol. There is no such great wonder in that, but what
D may

may bee beleevved.

Med. And another friend of mine travailed with me, and to be short, I came into the Country of Cannibals, where missing my freind, I ran to seeke him, and came at last into a Land where I saw a company feeding on him, they had eaten halfe of him, I was very penfive at his misfortune, or rather mine, at last I be- thought me of a powder that I had about me, I put it into their wine, they had no sooner drunk of it, but they presently disgorged their stomacks, and fell asleepe, I Sir, gathered up the miserable morsels of my friend, placed them together, and restored him to be a perfect man againe; and if he were here still alive, he were able to witnesse it himselfe, and doe you thinke I cannot cure a ten groats dammage, or a crackt Crowne.

1 Schol. Good Signior make no such delay, cure him, and have one wonder more to fill up your Legend.

Med. Here hold the Balon, you the Napkins, and you M^r *Simplicius* the Boxes, how shall we doe to lay his feete upon. By my troth Sir he is wonderfully hurt, his *pia mater* I perceive is cleane out of joynt; of the 20. bones of the *Cranium* there is but three onely whole, the rest are miserably crushed and broken, and two of his Sutures are cleane perished, onely the Sagittal remains free from violence, the foure Tunicats of his eyes are thred bare, the Meninx of his eare is like a cut Drum, and the hammers lost; there is not a Cartilago in his head worth three pence, the top of his nose is dropt away, there is not a Muscle left in the Cavities of his Nostrils, his *dentes molares* are past grinding, his Pallet is lost, and with it his *gurgulio*, yet if he can swallow, I warrant his drinking safe: helpe open his mouth, so, so, his throat is found: he's well I warrant you, now give him a cup of Sacke, so let me chafe his Temples, put this powder in another glasse of Sacke, and my life for his, he is as sound as the best of us all: let downe his legs. How doe you Sir?

Aristip. Why as yong as the Morning, t' all life, and soule not a dram of body; I am newly come backe from Hell, and have seene so many of my acquaintance there, that I wonder whose Arte hath restored me to life againe.

1 Schol. The Catholique Bishop of Barbers, the very Metropolitan of Surgeons, Signior *de Medico Campo*.

2 Schol. One that hath ingross'd all Artes to himselfe, as if hee

hee had the Monopolie.

1 Schol. The onely Hospitall of soares.

2 Schol. And Spittle house of infirmities, Signior de *Medico Campo*.

1 Schol. One that is able to under the Company of Barber-surgeons, and Colledge of Physicians, by making all diseases fly the Country.

2 Schol. Yea he is able to give his skill to whom he please, by Act of deed or bequeath it by Legacy, but he is determined as yet to intaile it to his heires males for ever.

1 Schol. Sir, death it selfe dares not anger him, for feare hee should begger the Sextons by suffering no grave to be made, he can chuse whether any shall dye or no.

2 Schol. And he do's it with such celerity, that a hundred peeces of Ordinance in a pick'd field could nor in a whole day make worke enough to imploy him an house; you owe him your life Sir. He assure you.

Arist. Sir I doe owe you my life, and all that is mine, thinke of any thing that lyeth in the compasse of my Philosophie, and 'tis your owne.

Med. I have gold enough Sir, and Philosophy enough, for my house is paved with Philosophers stones, mine onely desire is, that you forgive the rage of this Wilde-man, who is heartily sorry for his offence to you.

Wild. O reverend Philosopher, and Alchimy of understanding thou very Sacke of Sciences, thou noble Spaniard, thou Catholique Monarch of Wines, Archduke of *Canary*, Emperour of the sacred Sherry, pardon me, pardon my rudenesse, and I will forswear that Dutch herelie of English Beere, and the witchcraft of *Middletons* water, Ile turne my selfe into a Gowne, and be a profest disciple of *Aristippus*.

Arist. Give him a Gowne then ere we admit him to our Lecture hereafter. Now noble Signior *Medico de Campo*, if you will walke in, let's be very joviall and merry, 'tis my second birth-day, let's in, and drinke a health to the Company.

We care not for money, riches, or wealth,

Old Sacke is our money, old Sacke is our health,

Then let's flocke hither

Like Birds of a feather,

To drinke, to sing,

To laugh and sing,

Conferring our notes together,

Conferring our notes together,

Come let us laugh, let us drinke, let us sing,

The winter with us is as good as the spring,

We care not a feather

For winde, or for weather,

But night and day

We sport and play,

Conferring our notes together,

Conferring our notes together,

Samp. Hearke, they are drinking your healthes within, and I must have it too, I am onely left here to offer my *supplicat* to you, that my grace may passe, and then if I may but commence in your approbation, I will take a degree in drinking, and because I am turn'd a joviall mad Rascall, I have a great desire to be a Midsummer Batch'lor, I was onely stay'd to aske your leaves, to goe out.

Exit.

FINIS.



THE PEDLAR,

As it was presented in a
strange Show.

Generous Gentleman,

 Vch is my affection to *Phœbus* and the ninety-nine Muses, that for the benefite of this royall Vniversity, I have strodled over three of the Terrestriall Globes with my Geometricall rambling, viz: the *Asia* of the Dolphin, the *Afrique* of the Rose, the *America* of the Mitre, besides the *terra incognita* of many an Alchouse, and all for your sakes, whom I know to be the divine brats of *Helicon*, the lawfull begotten bastards of the thrice three sisters, the learned silly-foles to Mounfier *Pegasus*: Arch-hacknie to the students of *Parnassus*. Therefore I charge you by the seaven deadly Sciences, which you more study then the 3 & 4 liberall Arts, that your ha, ha, he, may be the recompence of my ridiculous endeavours.

I have beene long in travaile, but if your laughter give my Embryon Iests but safe deliverance, I dare maintaine it in the throat of *Europe*, *Ieronimo* rising from his naked bed, was not so good a Midwife.

But I see you have a great desire to know what profession I am of: first therefore heare what I am not. I am not a Lawyer, for I hope you see no Buckrams honesty about me, and I sweare by these sweet lips, my breath stinkes not of any State actions: I am no Souldier, although my heeles be better then my hands: by the whips of *Mars* & *Bellona*, I could never endure the smell of salt-Peter since the last Gun-powder treason, the voice of a Mandrake to me is sweeter Musick then those Maximes of warre, those terrible Cannons. I am no Townesman unlesse there be rutting in *Cambridge*, for you see my head without hornes: I am no Alderman, for I speak true English: I am no Iustice of peace, for I sweare by the honesty of a *Mittimus*, the venerable bench never kist my

worshipfull Buttockes; I am no Alchymist, for though I am poore, I have not broke out my braines against the Philosophers stone; I am no Lord, and yet me thinkes I should, for I have no Lands; I am no Knight, and yet I have as empty pockets as the proudest of them all; I am no Landlord, but to Tenants at will: I am no Innes a Court Gentleman, for I have not bene stewed throughly at the Temple, though I have bene halfe codled at Cambridge: Now doe you expect that I should say I am a Scholler, but I thanke my starres I have more wit then so: why I am not mad yet. I hope my better Genius will shield mee from a thred bare blacke Cloake, it lookes like a piece of Beelzebubs Livery. A Scholler? what? I doe not meane my braines should drop through my nose: no, if I was what I wish I could but hope to be: but I am a noble, generous, understanding, royall, magnificent, religious, heretical, and thrice illustrious Pedlar.

But what is a Pedlar? why, what's that to you? yet for your satisfaction of him whom I most respect, my right honourable selfe, I will define him.

A Pedlar is an *Individuum vagum*, or the *Primum mobile* of Tradesmen, a walking Burs, or moveable Exchange, a Socraticall Citizen of the vast Univerſe, or a peripateticall Iournyman, that like another *Atlas*, carries his heavenly Shop on's Shoulders.

I am a Pedlar, and I sell my ware

This brave Saint Barthol, or Starbridge faire,

Ile sell all for laughter, that's all my gainer,

Suck Chapmen should be laugh't at for their pains

Come buy my wits which I have hither brought,

For wit is never good till it be bought:

Let me not beare all backe, buy some the while,

If laughter be too deare, tak't for a smile:

My trade is jesting now, or quible speaking,

Strange trade you'l say, for it's set up with breaking:

My Shop and I am all at your command,

For lowly English laughter paid at hand:

Now will I trust no more, it were in vaine

To breake, and make a Craddocke of my braine:

Help! help! not this time yet, for there is one

Gives me a duncie for a declaration:

And now I have my wits all sold and paid

For

For foure Epistles at the election made;
 Now dare I crosse him who do's owe as yet
 Thrice Eills of jests to Igne Priorams wit.
 But heres a Courtier hat so long a bill.
 'Twill fright him to behold it, yet I will
 Relate the summes: Item he owes me first
 For an Imprimis; but what greivance is worst.
 A dainty Epigram on's Spanish tail
 Cost me an houre besides five paces of a lase.
 Item an Anagram on's Mistris name.
 Item the speech wherewith he courts his Dame.
 And an old bloberd scowling Elegie
 Upon his Masters dogs sad Exequie.
 Nor can I yet the time directly gather
 When I was paid for an Epitaph on's father.
 Besides he never yet gave me content
 For the new copping of's last complement.
 Should I speake all? he's spoken to his prayse.
 The totall summe is, what he thinks or fages.
 I will not let you run so much i'th score.
 Poore Ducklane braines, trust me, Ile trust no more.
 Shall's jest for naught, have you all conscience lost?
 Or doe you think our Sack did nothing cost?
 Well then it must be done as I have said,
 I needes must be with present laughter paid,
 I am a freeman, for by this sweet rime,
 The fellows know I have secur'd the time,
 Yet if you please to grace my poore adventures,
 I'm bound to you in more then ten indentures.

But a pox on Sheltons fury, Ile open my shop in honeste prose,
 and first Gentlemen, Ile shew you halfe a dozen of incomparable
 points.

I would give you the definition of points, but that I thinke
 you have them at your fingers ends, yet for your better under-
 standing.

A point is no body, a common terme, an extreme friend of a
 good mans longitude, whose center and circumference injoyne
 one diametricall opposition to your equilaterall Doublets, or e-
 quicrurall Breeches: but to speake to the point, though not to the

the purpose.

1. The first point is a point of honesty, but is almost worn out, and has neuer beene in request since truncke hose and codpeece breeches went out of fashion, it's made of simplicity Ribbon, and tagged with plaine dealing: if there be any knaves among you, (as I hope you are not all fooles) faith buy this point of honesty, and the best use you can put it to, is to tye the band of affection: but I feare this point will finde no Chapman, some of you had rather sell, then with *Demosthenes* buy honesty at so deare a rate: oh I could wish that the breeches of Bowfers, Stewards, Taxors, Receivers, and Auditors were trussed with these honesty points, but some will not be tyed to it, but hist Tom, it is dangerous untrussing the time.

2 The next is a point of Knavery, but I have enow of them already, yet because I am loath to carry mine any longer about me, who gives me most shall take it, and the Divell give him good on't: this point is cut out of villainous Sheepskin parchment in a Scriveners shop, tagg'd with the Gold of a Ring, which the Pillory robb'd him of when it borrowed his eares, if he doe but fasten this to the new Doublet of a yong Squire, it will make him grow so corpulent in the middle, that there will be nothing but Waste, this point of Knavery has beene a man in his dayes, and the best of the Parish, fourteene of them goe to our Bakers dozen.

The definition of him may be this, a point of Knavery is an occult quality tyed on a riding knot, the better to play fast and loose, hee was borne in Buckram, has runne through all offices in the Parish, and now stands to be President of Bridewell, where I leave him hoping to see him truss'd at Tiburne.

3 Amongst all my points, a point of ignorance is the very Alderman of the dozen. This is the richest point in my packe, and is never out of fashion at Innes of Court, if you buy this point, you are arrant fooles, for he give you this gift, that you shall have it in spite of your teeth.

4 The next is a point of good manners, that has beene long lost amongst a croude of Clownes, because it was onely in fashion on this side *Trent*.

This point is almost found in our Colledge, and I thanke the heavens for't, it beginnes to be tagg'd with Latine, it hath beene much

much defil'd, but I hope to see it cleane wash't away with the
sop of good government.

This point, to give you a little inckling of it, begins from
the due observance of a Freshman to Sophisters, and there it
ends with a *cede majoribus*.

5 Next point is a point of false doctrine snatch'd from the cod-
peece of a long winded Puritan, the breath of *Arminius* will rot
in him, Tagge him with a peece of Apocrypha, and he breakes in
funder, trusse him to the Surplisse, and his Breeches will present-
ly fall downe with the thought of the whore of *Babylon*.

He hates unity and Church discipline so farre, that you cannot
tye a true lounes knot on him: cut off his tagges, and he will make
excellent strings for a *Geneva Bible*, I would have these points
anathematized from all the religious Breeches in the company:
'tis made of a dangerous stubborne Leather, tagg'd at one end
with selfe conceite, at the other with wilfull opinion, this point
is fit for no service, but *Lucifers* Cacotruces: but why talke I so
long of this point, it is pittie it is not licensed.

6 If you like my points, why doe you not buy? if you would
have a more full point, I can furnish you with a Period; I have
a Parenthesis (but that may be left out) I know not how you af-
fect those points: but I love them so well that I greive at the ig-
norance of my infancy when my most audacious Toes durst play
at spurne-point.

*Who will not pittie points when each man sees
To begging they are falne upon their knees,
Though I beg pittie, thinke I doe not feare
Censuring Criticke whelps, no point Mounfier
If you hate points, and these like merry speeches,
You may want points for to trusse up your Breeches,
And from the close stoole may be never move
That hating points doth clasps and keepers love,
But if my points have heere at all offended,
Ile tell you a way how all may be amended;
Speake to the point, and that shall answere friend,
All is not worth a point, and ther's an end.*

*Then the Pedlar brought forth a Looking-
Glasse.*

The next is a Looking-Glasse, but I'll put it up again; for I dare
not

not be so bold as to shew some of you your owne faces; yet I will, because it hath strange operations, viz.

If a crackt Chamber-maide dresse her selfe by this Looking-Glasse, she shall dreame the next night of kissing her Lord, or making her mistresse a shee Cuckold, and shall marry a Chaplin, the next living that fals.

If a stale Court Lady looke on this Reflection, she may see her old face, through her new Complexion.

An Vsurer cannot see his conscience in it, nor a Scrivener his eares.

If a Townesman peepe into it, his *Asteons* furniture is no longer invisible: Corrupt takers of bribes may read the price of their consciences in it.

Some fellowes cannot see the face of a Schollar in it. If one of our Jewell-nos'd Carbunckl'd, rubricke, bonifac't, can venture the danger of seeing their owne faces in it, the poore Basiliskes will kill themselves by reflection.

If a blinde man see his face in this, he shall recover his eye sight.

But I see no pleasure in the contemplation of it, for when I look into it, I find my selfe inclined to such a dangerous disease, that I feare I cannot live here above foure yeeres longer: Howsoever I hope after my disease, we shall drinke the parting blow.

*If any this Looking-Glasse disgrace,
It is because he dares not see his face:
Then what I am, I will not see (faith) say,
'Twas the whores Argument when she threw't away.*

*Then the Pedlar brought forth a Boxe
of Cerebrum.*

But now considering what a Philosophicall *vagum* there is in most of our Cambridge Noddles, I have here to sell a soveraine boxe of *Cerebrum*, which by *Lullius* his Alchymy, was extracted from the quintessence of *Aristotles* Pericranium, sodde in the sinciput of *Demosthenes*. The fire being blowne with the long winded blast of a *Ciceronian* sentence, the whole confection boyled from a pottle to a pinte, in the Pipkin of *Seneca*: we owe the first invention of it to Sir *John Mandevile*, the perfecti-

on of it to *Tom of Odcombe*, who fetcht it from the gray-head d
Alpes in the *Hobsons Waggon* of experience; I sweare as *Persians*
 use by this *Coxecombe*, this Magazine of immortall roguerie:
 but for this Boxe of braines, you had not laughed to night; buy
 this boxe of braines, and the tenure of your wit shall be fockage,
 when as now it is but fee-simple.

These braines have very admirable vertues, and very strange
 operations: foure drops of it in the eare of a Lawyer, will make
 him write true Latine: three graines will fill the Capitall of an
Universitie Gander; the terrestriall head of a high Constable, will
 be contented with halfe a dram; three scruples and a halfe will
 fill the braine-pan of a *Bamberie brother*.

*Come buy my braines, you ignorant gals,
 And furnish here your empty sculs:
 Pay your Laughter as it's fit,
 To the learned Pedlar of wit.
 Quickly come, and quickly buy,
 Or I'll shut my shop, and fooles you'll dye,
 If your Coxcombes you would quoddle,
 Here buy braines to fill your noddle.
 Who buyes my braines, learns quickly heere,
 To make a Probleme in a yeere:
 Shall understand the predicable,
 And the predicamentall Rabble.
 Who buyes them not shall dye a foole,
 An exotericke in the schoole.
 Who has not these, shall ever passe
 For a great Acromaticall Asse:
 Buy then this boxe of braines, who buyes not it,
 Shall never surfeit on too much wit.*

*Then the Pedlar brought forth a
 Whetstone.*

But leaving my braines, I come to a more profitable Commo-
 dity: for considering how dull halfe the wits of the *Univerfity*
 be, I thought it not the worst traffique to sell *Whetstones*.

This *Whetstone* will set such an edge upon your inventions,
 that it will make your rustie iron braines, purer mettle, then your
 brazen

Brazen faces. Whet but the knife of your Capacities on this Whetstone, and you may presume to dine at the Muses Ordinary, or suppe at the Oracle of *Apollo*. If this be not true, I sweare by the *Doxies Petticoates*, that I'll never hereafter presume of a better vocation, then to live and dye the miserable factor of *Conny-skins*.

Then the Pedlar brought out Gloves

I have also *Gloves* of severall qualities: the first is a paire of *Gloves* made for a Lawyer, made of an intire Loadstone, that has the vertue to draw gold unto it; they were perfumed with the conscience of an *Vsurer*, and will keepe scent till wrangling have left *Westminster Hall*; they are seamed with *Indentures*, by the needle-worke of *Mortgage*, and fringed with a *Noventint Universi*. I would shew you more, but it is against the statute, because a *Latitat* hath bene served lately upon them. And few of you neede any *Gloves*, for you weare *Cordovant hands*.

Night-Caps.

My next *Commodities*, are severall *Night-Caps*, but they dare not come abroad by *Candle-light*. The first is lined with *Foxe-furre*, which I hope to sell to some of the *Sophisters*; it hath an admirable facultie for curing the *Crapula*, above the vertue of *Ivie* or bitter *Almonds*, nay, the porredge pot's not comparable unto it.

I have another fit for an *Alderman*, which *Acteon* by his last Will and Testament bequeathed to the Citie as a principall Charter: it was of *Dianae's* owne making; *Albumazers Otacousticon* was but a *Chamberpot* in comparison.

I could fit all heads with *Night-Caps*, except your grave overwise *Metaphysicall* heads: Marry, they are so transcendent, that they will not be comprehended within the predicant of a *Night-Cap*.

Ruffes.

I have also severall *Ruffes*; first, a *Ruffe* of pure *Holland* for a *Dutch drunkard*, a *Ruffe* of *Cobweb lawne* for the *Universitie statutes*. I have a *Ruffe* for the *Colledge* too: but by this badge of our *Colledge* (my reverend *Lambskins*) our backe-biters say
our

our Colledge Ruffes are quite out of stocke; I have no more Ruffes but one, and that is a Ruffe of strong hempe you may have them who will, at the Royall Exchange of Tiburne.

As for plaine Bands, if you finde any in a Scriveners shop, there is good hope honestie will come in fashion againe.

But you will not bestow your money on such trifles: Why? I have greater wares.

Will you buy any Parsonages, Vicarages, Deanaries, or Prebendaries?

The price of one is his Lordships crackt Chamber-Maide, the other is the reserving of his worships tithes; or you may buy the Knights horse three hundred pound too deare, who to make you amends in the bargaine, will draw you on fairely to a Vicaridge.

There be many trickes, but the downe right way is three yeares purchase. Come bring in your Coyne; Livings are *Majori in pretio* now, then in the dayes of Domesday booke, you must give presents for your presentations: there may be severall meanes for your institution, but this is the onely way to induction that ever I knew: but I see you are not minded to meddle with any my honest Leviticall Farmers.

*Then the Pedlar tooke out a Wench made of
Alabaster.*

But now expect the treasures of the world, the treasures of the earth digg'd frō the mynes of my more then Indian paunch. Wipe your eyes that no envious clouds of musty humours may barre your sight of the happinesse of so rare an object.

Come from thy Pallace beauteous Lusene of Greece,

Sweet Hellen of the world, rise like the morne,

Clad in the smocke of night, that all the starres

May loose their eyes, and then grow blinde,

Runne weeping to the man ith Moone,

To borrow his dogge to leade the sphæres a begging.

Rare Empreffe of our soules, whose Charcole flames

Burnes the poore Colts foot of amazed hearts.

View this dumbe Audience thy beantie spies,

And then amaz'd with grieve, laugh out their eyes.

Here's now a rare beauty, oh how all your fingers itch, who should be the first Chapman? This wilbe a dainty freind in a corner.

ner. And were't not better to imbrace this pretty shambles of
beautie, this errant Poultrie of perfection, then to tumble your
sopie Laundresses? Is this like your daggle-tayl'd Bed-makers?
when a man shall lye with sea-cole ashes, and commit adultery
with the dust of his chamber.

Me thinkes this Peerelesse Paragon of completion, should be
better countenanced. She would set a sharper edge on your ap-
petites, then all the three penny Cutlers in Cambridge.

I am a man as you are, and this naughty flesh and bloud will
never leave tempting; yet I sweare by the sweet sole of that in-
comparable shee, I never had any acquaintance with the pretty
Libraries of flesh, but onely this: This is the subject of my Muse:
This I adorne with costly Epigrams, and such curious Encomi-
ums, as may deserve immortality in the Chamber-pots of *Helli-*
con: and thus my *Furor Poeticus* doth accost her.

Faire Madame, thee whose every thing

Deserves the Close-Stoole of a King;

Whose hand is faire as any bone,

White and smooth as Paros stone.

Whose naturall holinesse scornes to weare

The needlesse excrements of haire.

Whose forehead streakes, our hearts commands

Like Dover Clifts, or Goodwyn sands.

While from those dainty Gloworme eyes,

Cupid shootes plum pudding pyes.

While from the Arches of thy nose,

A Creame-pot of white Nectar flowes:

Faire dainty lips, so smooth, so sleeke,

And truely Alabaster cheeke.

Pure Saffron teeth, happie the meate

That such prettie milnestones eat,

Oh let me heare some silent song,

Turn'd by the Jewes trumpe of thy tongue.

Oh how that Chin becomes thee well,

Where never hayrie beard shall dwell:

Thy Corall neeke doth statelier bow,

Then Ios when she turn'd a Cow:

O let me, or I shall nere rest,

Sucke the blacke bottles of thy brest:

Or lay my head, and rest me still
 On that dainty Hogmagog hill.
 Oh curious, and unfathom'd waste,
 As slender as the stateliest Mast:
 Thy fingers too, breed my delight,
 Each Wart a naturall Margarite.
 Oh pittie then my dismall moane,
 Able to melt thy heart of stone.
 Thou know'st how I lament and howle,
 Weepe, snort, condole, looke sad, and scowle,
 Each night so great my passions be,
 I cannot wake for thought of thee.
 Thy Gowne can tell how much I lou'd,
 Thy petticoate to pittie moov'd.
 Then let thy Pedlar mercy finde,
 To kisse thee once, though it be behinde.
 Sweet kisse sweet lippes, delicious sence,
 How sweet, a Zephyrus blowes from thence?
 Blest Petticoate, more blest her Smocke,
 That dayly busseth her Buttocke:
 For now the Proverbe true I finde,
 That the best part is still behinde.
 Sweet dainty soule, daigne but to give
 The poore Pedlar, this hanging Sleeve.
 And getting honour by this kisse,
 I will make up my Packe in this,
 And truely so beare thee more fame,
 Then ever did Knight Errants dame.
 Sweet dainty Soule, daigne but to touch,
 Thou shalt againe relesse my Pouch.

But it is pittie such ware should not be bought? well, I know
 the fault is in the emptinesse of your learned pockets: well, I'll
 to the Court, and see what I can sell there, and then carry the Re-
 liques to Rome:

The Pedlar calls for his Coltstafte.

Some friend must now perforce
 Make haste, and bid my Boy
 Go saddle me my wooden Horse,
 For I mean to conquere Troy.

FINIS